Per. I will beleeue you by the ſillable of what you ſhall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharſus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did ſeeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and reſcued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But good ſir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an impoſture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Moſt wiſe in generall, tell me if thou canſt, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made we weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent ſir of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, ſhe would ſit ſtill and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me honored ſir, giue mee a gaſh, put me to preſent paine, leaſt this great ſea of ioyes ruſhing vppon me, ore-beare the ſhores of my mortality, and drowne me with their ſweetneſſe: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetſt him that did thee beget,
Thou that waſt borne at ſea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at ſea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy Gods, as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did euer ſleepe.

Mar. Firſt ſir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to ſay thers name was *Thaiſa*? *Thaiſa* was my mother, wh the minute I began.

Per. Now bleſſing on thee, riſe, thou art my childe. Giue me freſh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, ſhee at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould haue bene by ſauage *Cleon*, tell thee all, when thou ſhalt kneele, and iuſtifie in k ſhe is thy very Princes; who is this?

Hell. Sir, tis the Gouernor of *Metaline*, who heari melancholy, did come to ſee you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes;
I am wilde in my beholding. Oh heauen bleſſe my gyr
But harke, what Muſicks this *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he ſeemes to dote
How ſure you are my daughter; but where's this mu

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None? the Muſicke of the ſpheares, liſt my *Ma*

Lyſ. It is not good to croſſe him, giue him way.

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do ye not heare?

Lyſ. Muſicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Moſt heauenly muſicke,
It nips me vnto liſtening, and thicke ſlumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me reſt.

Lyſ. A pillow for his head, ſo leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but anſwer to m
liefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple ſtands in *Epheſus*,
Hie thee thither, and do vpon mine Altar ſacrifice. T
my maiden prieſts are met together, before all the p
ueale how thou at ſea didſt loſe thy wife, to mourne t
with thy daughters call, and giue them repitition to th
performe my bidding, or thou liueſt in woe: doo't, a
by my ſiluer bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celeſtiall *Dian*, Goddeſſe *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.

Hell